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^{AND}
OTHER POEMS.

A HOME OFFERING

by
Rebecca Morrow Reavis.

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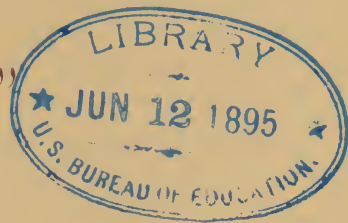


*Yours truly
Rebecca Morrow Lewis*

A Home Offering.



Consider the Lilies"



57270

AND OTHER POEMS.



REBECCA MORROW REAVIS.



ST. LOUIS :

PUBLISHED BY BECKTOLD & Co.,

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(Testimonial from Hon. J. D. Finney.)

Mrs. Rebecca Morrow Reavis :

MADAM : Addison says somewhere in the *Spectator* that "women may be living poems, but they never write one." However true it may have been in his age, it is not so in ours. The masculine genius and feminine tenderness displayed by Mrs. Felicia Hemans, will make many a heart throb, when our grandchildren have grown gray. No American poet is her superior, and to this hour in the outgiving of the soul's inspiration she stands alone amid her sex.

May I say, without intending any fulsome adulation, that I have found in many of your desultory poems the yet unfledged germs of her genius ?

May I further suggest that while applauding your muse in her highest flights, I would still be more pleased, did she continue longer on the wing. In other words, you should write a woman's Iliad, not, however, a story of battles and sieges, but *a tale of the human heart*. Select such a subject, and in writing it, make it the anchor which holds you to your hope of immortality. Then you may say in the words of Mrs. Hemans :

"I shall not perish all, the bright work grows,
Beneath my hand, unfolding as a rose
Leaf after leaf to beauty ; line after line
I fix my thought, heart, soul to burn, to shine."

Very Respectfully,

ST. LOUIS, OCTOBER 30th, 1883.

JOHN D. FINNEY.



(Testimonial from Judge S. D. Thompson.)

To the Editor of the Spectator :

I trust that you will continue to encourage Mrs. Reavis in writing poetry. Her last poem in the *Spectator*. "Consider the Lilies," shows that she possesses three qualities which go to make the highest art in poetry: nobility of sentiment a sense of the beautiful, a power of melody. If Mrs. Reavis continues to write and to improve as she has lately done, she will soon take the country by storm. Just now the want of a poet is the crying want of American literature.

Yours truly,

ST. LOUIS, OCTOBER 13th, 1883.

S. D. THOMPSON.

TO

JOHN R. LIONBERGER.

A man whose every wish to aid each noble cause
Is parent to an honorable deed ;
Who, in his role of friend, 'was never known to pause,
But promptly sought to satisfy the need ;

Who, in his earnest hope that future years may see
That highest type of worth for which we look,
Spares not an effort now to aid humanity,—
The Author dedicates this little book.

Then go, my little book, I bid thee fond farewell ;
Go o'er the untried path,—make thine own way ;
The hills and steep descents before thee I can't tell,
But thou art not alone where thousands stray.

I send thee as a dove out on the wide, wide main,
And only ask I may, at length, be blest
With some fond proof that thou hast not gone forth in vain :
That thou hast found some verdant place to rest.

R. M. R.

SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR.



IN reproducing the following poems, written by REBECCA MORROW REAVIS for St. Louis publications, it is due to the author to state, that while she possesses a genius and ability for composition and authorship of a high order, and has given much of her time during the past ten or more years, to the writing of prose and poetry, her name has but recently appeared in public print. Possessed, however, of a superior intelligence and of the highest elements of womanly virtues, she claims a place among the present aspirants and ambitious co-workers in the broad field of American literature. In this chosen field of labor she has already demonstrated a power of thought and expression in poetry and prose of unusual merit.

Her style is original and marked for easy expression, and thus early appearing as an author, it may be assumed that she can readily and certainly achieve a high and well deserved place among the female authors of this country.

With this first presentation of some of the poems of this new and brilliant author, it is due to her and the public to present a brief sketch of her life.

Upon the evergreen Isle, in the midst of the sea, there has been given birth to so many who have adorned the pages of literature; become distinguished in oratory and statesmanship, and have in some instances led the armies of the greatest nations in Europe to victories that

wrap its history with unfading glory and honor, that it would be strange indeed if the situation and the spirit which surrounds and makes eminent all of history, should fail to give birth to new energies, fresh endeavors, and great ambitions. These conspicuous characteristics of the Celtic race are largely owing to situations, circumstantial surroundings and conditions which seemingly have crushed individual opportunities for centuries. In the grand historic results are shown the spirit of aspiration as well as action, pressing forward to conspicuous places in the front rank of literature; however great and heavy has been the hand of oppression.

It is in connection with such a race that REBECCA MORROW REAVIS is named in this notice, who was born in county Galway, in the charming and beautiful town of Monivea, Ireland. Her father was a tradesman, quite prosperous, and in comfortable circumstances. She was the seventh of the eight children composing the family, and was offered the opportunities of a good common school education, which were greatly improved. Having a tenacious and retentive memory, her intellectual development was rapid, and she became in consequence imbued with an unconquerable desire to rise to the higher levels of fame attained by her countrywomen. Infused with this spirit, her object and aspiration became honorable distinction in the realm of literature, and is best explained by a quotation from Edgeworth: "Fame sometimes gives her votaries visions of their future destiny, while yet in early life. There is then a sort of sympathy, created between their youthful aspirations and coming deeds—a reflection of the future upon the present." With such enlarged views she came to the United States in 1876, in the hope of satisfying a great ambition. Her first residence in the United States was in Camden, N. J., and in 1882 she came to the Great West. Inheriting her father's love for literature, she wrote poetry at ten years of age, and other pieces of no inconsiderable merit in later years, and made books her companions and studied the literary productions of the times.

During the past few years MRS. REAVIS gave much time and earnest thought to her earlier ambitions and devotion to the grand ideal and dream of her life. When asked, why she left the home of youth for

a new and untried country, she replied: "I left home, because I wearied of monotony, and have a restless, feverish ambition to be and to do—something. Such restlessness and impatience as would make one 'weary of life' without a purpose to gain or attain to, and which says 'You *must*!' to its victim." Again when asked concerning her education and capabilities to become an author, the following self-confident and self-asserting answer was promptly given: "My education is not exceedingly ample nor brilliant, but sufficient with my ability—and inherent facility for composition—to entitle me to a place among the world's aspirants."

Such courage and daring is an unquestioned evidence of the spirit which conquers fortune and fame. Her coming West was to find a broader field for the exercise of her active mental forces, and already she is being recognized as a brilliant rising star in the firmament of literature. To her the splendors of the earth and heavens are most attractive, and looked upon with intense interest. It is the grandeur of thought, and not the cold methods of analytical philosophy, that arouses the sublime conceptions of her writings. They partake of the gorgeous flash from the cloud in a storm, and of the dreamy distance of the landscape when in repose, more than of subtle reasoning from causes to effect. They at once startle and surprise, instead of leading through an old worn path, and hence her productions are received with a greater interest.

Miss Morrow was married June 3rd, 1883, to Mr. L. U. Reavis, of St. Louis, the distinguished author of "The Future Great City," "Removal of the National Capital," and many other publications, including lectures, which have commanded wide public attention.

In connection with her brief history, something may be said of her personally and of her manner of writing. She is a lady of superior intelligence, and wholly of a retiring, modest and unpretentious demeanor, which at once command respect and high regard of all who know her. She is personally attractive and possessed of highly amiable qualities. As a writer she partakes something of the "mystic," as Swedenborg would call it. Her method of composition is one of unusual and sur-

prising rapidity. The poem on CAPTAIN EADS was written in three days, and that too without any previous knowledge of the history and labors of that distinguished citizen and engineer. An unexpected request to write the poem, accompanied with a biographical sketch and additional notes, led to its production in a small town in Illinois, and no matter what competent critics may say of the merits of the poem, it will still remain as enduring evidence of the superior ability and genius of the author. And as her name is now entered as a new aspirant in the field of literature, the public, from time to time, will be favored with her productions.

As appropriate to the presentation of this sketch, it will be of interest to briefly consider something of the poet, as viewed by Lord Macaulay, Emerson, and others.

From Macaulay the poet receives but little encouragement to follow the muse in the regions of fancy. Emerson, on the other hand, gives every possible word of encouragement to the rising poet.

Said Macaulay, in his matchless and admirable criticisms upon poets and poetry: "By poetry, we mean the art of employing words in such a manner, as to produce an illusion on the imagination: the art of doing by means of words, what the painter does by means of colors." He then, for illustration, selects from England's greatest poet in support of his own definition:

"As imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

Upon this always attractive subject Emerson has written much and well. He says: "The poet is the sayer, the namer, and represents beauty. He is a sovereign, and stands on the center. For the world is not painted or adorned, but is from the beginning beautiful; and God has not made some beautiful things, but Beauty is the creator of the universe. Therefore the poet is not any permissive potentate, but is emperor in his own right. Criticism is infested with a cant of materialism, which assumes that manual skill and activity is the first merit of all men, and disparages

such as say and do not, overlooking the fact that some men, namely poets, are natural sayers, sent into the world to the end of expression, and confounds them with those whose province is action, but who quit it to imitate the sayers. But Homer's words are as costly and admirable to Homer, as Agamemnon's victories are to Agamemnon. The poet does not wait for the hero or sage, but, as they act and think primarily what will and must be spoken, reckoning the others, though primaries also, yet, in respect to him, secondaries and servants; as sitters or models in the studio of a painter, or as assistants who bring building-material to an architect."

Again he says: "For poetry was all written before time was, and whenever we are so finely organized that we can penetrate into that region where the air is music, we hear those primal warblings and attempt to write them down, but we lose ever and anon a word or a verse and substitute something of our own, and thus miswrite the poem. The men of more delicate ear write down these cadences more faithfully, and these transcripts, though imperfect, become the songs of the nations."

If Emerson ever failed to be transcendental, he would not be Emerson. In relation to poetry, however, he thinks deeper and better than Macaulay, exclaiming: "With what a joy I begin to read a poem which I can confide in as an inspiration!"

In accord with these suggestions, Jamblichus says: "Things more excellent than every image are expressed through images."

If it is true, as Spenser says, that,

"For of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make,"

every inspired thought that warms in the soul of the genuine poet is a new and fresh revelation to himself, as full of delight and surprise as it is to the admiring reader. In support of this divine truth, Proclus says:

"The mighty heaven exhibits, in its transfiguration, clear images of the splendor of intellectual perceptions; being moved in conjunction with the unapparent periods of intellectual natures."

The first utterances of the old prophets were in the form of poetry, and so was all history written until the time of Herodotus. Many of the ancient nations proclaimed their laws in this form, until at a more recent period language assumed the construction of prose. The loftiest thoughts and most delicious language of literature are in the form of verse, and only in this materialistic age have its votaries become less than the aggregate of population. Dante's *Divine Comedy* was the swan's song of the middle ages. The swan died with the age, but the song survives and will live throughout the generations. So when a real poet comes forward to claim public attention, her history, however brief, is a subject of natural inquiry and interest.



A WORD TO THE READER.



IN issuing this little volume to the public, it is not my desire to call attention to whatever merit there may be in it, neither is it my desire to believe it utterly devoid of some thought and expression worthy the attention of the reader. For the defects contained I do not apologize, because I would not knowingly submit myself as an object of solicitous lenity to a public under no obligation to me, and not expected to indulge me unwillingly with a portion of their time or favor.

In respect to its defects, I only call to remembrance the fact that the productions of our best poets have not been faultless—that they have all, in some degree, erred, and come short of the glory of Perfection. In my composition it has not been my rule to addict myself exclusively to the beauty and harmony of rhyme for rhyme's sake, when by so doing I would be necessitated to discard a more noble thought or expression. I have rather kept before me the true sentiment and principle of poetry in its native garb, not deigning to elaborate by art, or ornament what Nature had not already beautified. Such celebrated poets as Pope, Dryden, Oldham and others have furnished us with examples of this character :

False eloquence, like the prismatic *glass*,
Its gaudy colours spreads in every *place*.—POPE.

My parents are propitious to my *wish*,
And she herself consenting to the *bliss*.—DRYDEN.

Draw next the pattern of that *tree*,
Draw Bacchus and soft Cupid by.—OLDHAM.

And now, in conclusion, I will say that though I desire the favor of the public, I do not demand it unworthily. If, in criticizing, they employ that art to such perfection that they shall not only destroy the whole fabric of my endeavors, but every hope that sustained its progression, they cannot destroy the principle, and I shall wish that in the future "from out the ruins of the old may arise the new." However, it will not be out of place, perhaps, to recall here the philosophical retort made by Apollo to Zoilus when that eminent critic presented the god with a severe criticism on an admirable book. The god asked for the beauties of the work. "I have busied myself only about the errors," replied Zoilus. Whereupon the god handed him a sack of unwinnowed wheat, and bade him pick out all the chaff for his reward.

R. M. R.

ST. LOUIS, December 1st, 1883.



CONSIDER THE LILIES.

“ Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow ; they toil not, neither do they spin : and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.”—*Bible*.



SEE the lilies, saintly lilies, blooming in the lowly valleys,
Scattering wide their fragrant virtues with the morn and
evening breeze ;
Not the glory, regal glory of King Solomon, when wore he
Robes of purple and of scarlet, could compare with one of these.



Though they toil not, and they spin not, man with all his wisdom cannot
Form from out his toiling labors, beauteous fabric like to theirs ;
Pure as heaven, only heaven and its holy ones are given
Spotless purity and beauty, such as that the lily wears.



Nothing fearing, never fearing, when the dark'ned hours are nearing,
That to-morrow may not find them clothed in all their bright array,
As the sparrow, trusting sparrow, who needs not to plough nor harrow
Bides the morrow without doubting the great Giver of to-day.

Only mankind, sinful mankind, out of all creation can find
Time for murmuring, and complaining, doubting, fearing, sighs
and tears :

He is toiling, daily toiling, while his heart is daily spoiling
All the joy and good of living with his never-ending fears.



Birds and flowers, beauteous flowers, you've a destiny like ours,
And you fill it with obedience to your nature's law, divine,—
So ought we too, would that we, too, could adhere in faith, as you do,
To the principles of living which all virtues here combine.



Know our duty, do our duty, not for sake of praise, or booty,
But because—'tis right, for right will bring its own reward at last ;
Work contented, rest contented with our life, for He who sent it
Is sufficient for the future, as He has been for the past.



GOD.

“Nothing but the ever-rolling centuries of eternity can furnish the keys with which to unlock the mysteries of Godliness.”—*Bascom*.

“Star after star is counted; and the various constellations of celestial bodies are told, and mapped out like milestones along our familiar roads. And yet the mind goes on! It searches the ineffable mysteries of the sidereal heavens, and the magnitude of those invisible worlds of grandeur which revolve beyond the most distant stars. Amazed at the greatness, and grandeur, and harmony, and incomprehensibleness of those things which are visible beneath, around, and above, the soul—pulsating with joy and with the inexpressible desire to know more—inquires, “*What and Where is God?*”



Who is God? What is He? Where is He?

The innumerable spirits of the blessed sing praises
To His name, crying: “Holy, holy, holy Lord God
Of hosts!” Great, and wonderful Spirit, unfathomable
Wisdom, incomprehensible Power; great Essence of
Life and eternity, how little do we know of thee!
Thou art, O God; we feel it in the spirit which thou
Hast given us We cannot blot thy immensity
And eternal existence from our souls, which are each
As a drop from the great ocean of thy mysterious
Immortality. O God; we ask what Thou art—
We, who are but combined atoms of matter, which

Thou can'st at will blow to the four points of the earth —
We dare to seek into incomprehensibility, and to
Fathom the depths of mystery, which even angels
Cannot look into ; to behold a light before which the
Cherubim and seraphim veil their faces, lest
The dazzling streams of effulgence, which emanate
From thy divinity should absorb their existence.
Why do we rush into Thy presence with such haste
And daring ?

Because man is an intelligent being.
He rests not in ignorance of the cause of his existence ;
He seeks to become acquainted with the laws of Creation
And of Nature around him. He leaves the lower earth ;
Ascends, step by step, through the innumerable
Worlds in space ; for his spirit is free, his soul is ardent,
And thirsting for the great Spring of knowledge. Time
And distance are as naught to him. Up, up ; higher
And higher still, leaving constellations, suns and
Satellites behind him, Immensity before him—
He proceeds with glad haste—he enters the zone
Of second life, of spiritual reality : the great
Tropic of eternal Summer and sunshine, which
Derives its ethereal warmth from the streams
Of life proceeding from the great Centre of the
All-pervading Principle, where the mighty
Hosts of immortality enjoy the rich perfume
Of perpetual verdure, the dreamy inhalation
Of exotic fragrance, the crystal waters of Life
Which eternally reflect the rays of the Sun of

Righteousness and love. He scarce gazes upon
The inconceivable loveliness into which he
Enters, lest he should be tempted to wander, and
In the enjoyment of delectable pleasures, forget
His one desire. He casts a hurried glance toward
The Source of all around him ; mounts the
Gauzy, phantom-like rarefaction, the touch of
Which upon his cheek is like angel's breath ;
On, on he goes in breathless expectancy
Until at last he finds himself far beyond
The reach of the most powerful telescope,
Beyond the great seventh circle of worlds, where
At the foot of a wondrous sphere of light, he
Bows in sublime and awe-stricken adoration.

He dares not look upon the awful grandeur
Of the divine body whose spirit fills infinitude.
Merciful ordination ! — a veil is cast between
Him and the great Power — his Creator.
He falls prostrate, humbly, on his knees : then
He feels his own littleness, his insignificance
Among the wonderful works of vast Creation ; his
Lips move slowly and he exclaims : — Lord, what
Is man, that thou art mindful of him !
Restless, feverish, unsatisfied man, he still
Thirsts for a glance of the interior glory ; his
Heart utters an earnest appeal : — then One,
Bright and dazzling, the Well-beloved of the
Father, touches the veil with a hand of pity
And love — parts it as the great veil of Juda's

Temple, between the Holy place and the most
Holy had been rent : unveiling the Shekina
To those who could look.

Unapproachable brilliancy !
Dazzling glory ! He cannot behold it and
Live. The Great Power, whose breath is the
Mechanism of worlds, so fearfully and
Wonderfully made ; who is not forgetful of the
Smallest pivot which helps to form and
Cement the entire construction of revolutionary
Motion. Then man feels that God is
Unattainably beyond him, even though he
May seem to touch the very hem of His garment
Of divine majesty ; infinitely above him,
Even though he may seem to kneel at the foot
Of the throne. Then he understands that
Man, with all his knowledge, learning, and
Searching, cannot find out God ; that it
Were madness to dream of penetrating the
Mysteries of the High and Holy One, who
Inhabiteth eternity. He descends with dazed
Eyes ; his wisdom is no more ; he only knows that
God is, that He is high above all gods, that His
Dwelling is the Heaven of heavens, the extreme
Height of holiness, and power, the great Principle
Of life.

Such is the power of his
Imagination, when it is the messenger of spiritual
Aspiration, and intense longing for the higher

Life. But though he knows only that God liveth,
He must know that this is sufficient for him
As seen by the all-wise Providence ; let him
Still continue to wander through those spheres
Where angels tread, reaching out for spiritual
Light and understandings, losing sight of
Those things which are below, and pressing
Forward to those which are above and beyond
Him, so shall his thoughts and imaginations
Become combined in one grand and pure
Stream of magnetism, through which he can
Ascend and descend as on a ladder, like
Unto that of the Patriarch of old ; always bringing
With him from above, purer inspirations,
Brighter hopes, a lighter heart, and an
Atmosphere of cheerfulness ; carrying with
Him a sunshine on his countenance ; on
Which will be reflected the glory which
Surrounded him, as did Moses' on his
Descent from the Mount, so that those
With whom he comes in contact shall partake
In his happiness, which having been nearer
To God fills him with.
Truly, God is great and wonderful ; praise
Him in the firmament of his power : praise
Him for his mighty acts : praise Him
According to his excellent greatness. Bless
The Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me,
Bless His holy name !

VOICE OF THE SEA.

“Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.”—*Byron.*



OH, sad, sad sea, what tale do you tell,
What tale do you echo to me ?

A trumpet you make of the little pink shell

That wanders away from the sea :

It wanders away, away,

O'er many a valley and hill,

And ever it seems in a whisper to say—

Hush ! list to my tale—be still !



Oh, sad, sad sea, what tale do you tell,

With your voice of billowy roar,

As you thunder your words with a crash and swell

'Gainst the cliff and the lonely shore ?

Why struggle so hard with the lonely shore ?

With the cliff in its gloomy height,

While you're crying the dirge of “no more ! no more !”

O'er those you have hidden from sight ?

Oh, sad, sad sea, what tale to you tell,
 When you're kissing the golden strand ?
Where you're filling the prints that so lightly fell
 And the wells that were dug by hand ;
A moan of sorrow you leave behind,
 And each kiss is a parting knell
That falls on the heart like the sighing wind —
 The heart who your tale can tell.



Oh ! sad, sad sea, I remember well
 The tale you had echoed to me,
When once to my ear a little pink shell,
 That wandered away from the sea,
I placed as I would a little sick bird,
 Whose breathing I fain would hear
In the warm throb that so faintly stirred
 As it nestled against my ear.



You told me a tale, Oh sad, sad sea,
 Of thousands of miles between
The home of my childhood's days and me —
 The home where my heart has been
So knitted to those of truth and love,
 That every wave that breaks
Seems to tear the web that I fondly wove —
 Of hope in the heart that aches.

You told me a tale, Oh moaning sea,
Of struggles and drowning cries,
From the helpless forms who fell in thee,
Who only in death could rise ;
Of mothers' and fathers' sobs of grief,
Of brothers' and sisters' tears,
And friends and lovers, whose only relief
Was faith in the after years.



You told me a tale, oh, sighing sea,
Of ships that so proudly sail
With a happy crew, whose shout of glee
Is lost in a dying wail
'Mong yawning chasms 'tween mountains green
Where the helpless ships go down
With a flutter of death, as when earth is seen
To bury a fated town.



And another tale, oh, great, wide sea !
You poured through the tiny shell :
You told me of God's eternity,
Where your buried victims dwell ;
Of a love so broad, so wide, so free,
Which fills all that life with bliss ;
Of an ocean of joy and ecstasy ;
A balm for the pain of this.

Then sad, sad sea, though the tales you tell
 Bring sorrow to many a heart
Thank God for the hope, and the joy as well
 Which your mighty waves impart.
And though in fear I would cross the line
 Which divides the oceans blue,
Of sea and sky, between me and mine,
 I've learned to love you, too.



AFFINITY.

"There are souls created for one another in the eternities, hearts predestined each to each from the absolute necessities of their nature, and when this man and this woman come face to face, they recognize my master and my mistress without words spoken or vows pronounced."—*Anna E. Dickinson.*



WHAT is "Affinity?" O, come revealing,
Ye angel hosts who bend before the throne,
This secret power—this blissful mystic feeling
Which fills the soul with visions of "its own."



Tell me, if, when in those infinite spaces
Your aerial forms you wing from zone to zone,
This light is it, which on your shining faces,
Reflects—attracts—from each to each "its own?"



There are, 'tis said, from out the mighty masses,
Communities of earth's departed, drawn—
Since glorious star another star surpasses,
Is this the power which draws to each "its own?"

So that within the systems of that world,
But harmony and perfect peace is known ;
No spirits by discordant ones are troubled,
Each is sustained, and does sustain “ its own ? ”



Is this the power, when as if they were hurl'd
To space—by force of omnipotence thrown ;
Those mighty orbs—encircles each great world
With its special spheres, peculiarly “ its own ? ”



Or is it this magnetic, subtile nature
Which once discerned, will have stronger grown,
Between the helpless creature and Creator,
And bring him face to face with God—“ his own ? ”



Is it that power which in the heart of mortals
Breaks up the fallow ground—hews out the stone ;
A temple makes it, through whose golden portals
It brings an idol and proclaims—“ your own ? ”



This same which calls with low and earnest pleading
To her, whose heart is languishing alone ;
Tells her : “ 'Tis he ! ” and soon in joy is leading
Two souls, who recognize “ My own—your own.”

That binds those souls through years of pain or gladness
Each to "its own" till they have feeble grown ;
And if at last one's left alone in sadness
The other yearns and watches o'er "its own ?"



Yes, tell me what it is ; explain its nature,
Its origin ; from what great fountain flown ?
It stamps in glowing tints each soul and feature—
Creation—with an image of "its own ?"



"Affinity—thou art with it acquainted ;
And to its power, thou art, like others, prone—
'Tis all this which thine imagery painted,"
Replies an answering soul within my own.



Its nature is thine own whate'er that may be.
Its origin, its fountain—God alone.
True, stamped upon thy soul and features plainly,
It does reflect an image—like "your own."



'Tis so ; this power, this blissful mystic feeling
I find within my heart—now stronger grown,
And like a dream, a vision now is stealing ;
I look into his eyes and see—"my own."

O, leave me not, sweet vision now before me ;

I sought you not—this power had lead us on.

We met half way, when you at once did know me ;

Your heart said--“Mine,” and I exclaimed--“My own ! ’



THE WEARY WAY OF LIFE.

“Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow
of death, I will fear no evil ; for thou art with me.”

—*Psalmist.*



WHO walks the weary way of life
For many tiresome years,
And battles with its frown and strife,
And checks its rising tears,
And quells the surging grief that flings
Its terrors round his soul,
Gains victories unknown to kings,
And nears a grander goal.



He battles oft with foes unknown
But to himself and God ;
And all he feels, he feels alone,
While bending 'neath the rod.
None else the sorrow of his heart
Can fully comprehend,
And none but He can bear a part
Who did the sorrow send.

Ah ! many a time we tread that way,—
The weary way of life ;
Yet, seldom are we made to stray
Where troubles are so rife,
That we can't conquer them at length
With but our will, and might :—
For will to work gives double strength,
And God defends the right.



Each has his own especial path
In which his steps must stray ;
But no one, in this world, hath
More weary, troubled way
Than hath his neighbor, in whose heart
A secret pang may lie : —
No less the pain because the dart
Is hidden from the eye.



But we may have our joys as well ; —
They spring like cheering flowers
On rock and hill, in vale and dell,
To glad our weary hours —
If we but pluck them fresh and sweet.
But, ah ! too oft we tread
Their precious leaves beneath our feet,
And then pronounce them dead.

What if the way that's still before
Is all unknown to me! —
I know, by that I've just gone o'er,
That it can never be
Too dark to hide a star of hope :
Too rough a flower to bear :
Too sharp and bleak to ever cope
With fire of hidden prayer.




And when at last life's weary way,
Within the vale of death,
Shall terminate its last lone day
With my fast fleeting breath,
I will not fear an evil. Still —
With eyes of faith and love,
Beyond the vale I'll view the hill
Of brighter days above.



TO MY HEART,

ON ENTERING ITS NEW LIFE.

OME, come now, frail wanderer, wander no more.
Come, rest thee serenely : thy struggles are o'er.

No more, restless heart, need thy pinions be spread
O'er wilds of uncertainty, oceans of dread ;
No more need'st thou follow a phantom of air,
Nor sink in the sloughs of despond and despair—
An angel of joy, bearing peace on her wings,
Has descended to-day, and hark ! how she sings :—
“Now rest thee, thou lone one ; thy station accept,
“For I shall be with thee, and God will protect.”



All thy life, wandering heart, e'er since thou could'st feel
The raptures that cling to the dreamy ideal,
Thou hast flown at large, like a dove o'er the main,
And finding no harbor, returned again
To rest in the ark that has borne thee through
The deluge of fancies, realities, too ;
They raised thee to Ararat's height, on hope's wings,

Or sunk thee, but,—hark ! how the good angel sings ;—
“Now rest thee, thou lone one ; thy station accept,
“For I shall be with thee, and God will protect.”



No father, or mother, dear heart can I see,
Their blessing to give me so cheerful, so free ;
No sister or brother, a hand to extend,
And wish me—“God bless you, and always befriend,”
But, thou art my messenger,—distance to thee
Is only a word thou hast learned from me,
And, quick, dost thou dart on love’s magnetic wings,—
Yes, yes ; now behold them while joy sweetly sings :—
“Now rest thee, thou lone one ; thy station accept,
“For I will be with thee, and God will protect.”



Dear heart, now be happy, for thou canst confide
In *him* to whose bosom thou’rt closely allied,
And find thee among this new people thy home ;—
They’re worthy of thee, and invite thee to come.
And, heart, do rejoice that thy lot has been cast
’Mong places so pleasant, and cheerful at last ;
Find here, in this city, true rest without wings,
And list to the angel who soothingly sings :—
“Now rest thee, thou lone one ; thy station accept,
“For I shall be with thee, and God will protect.”

But listen ! I'd charge thee,—retain it, my heart ;—
This friendship received ; for a stranger thou art ;
And ne'er let the weed of ingratitude grow
'Mong flowers of fidelity blooming below
In thy deep recesses, where those who now are
Thy true, honest friends in the world's wild jar,
Are valued so truly ; let love for them spring,
For, listen ! my heart,—hear them cheeringly sing :
“Now rest thee among us ; thy station accept,
“For God will be with thee, and *we* will protect.”



There ! heart, thou art calm, now ; thank God for the faith
That trusts in the comforting promise, which sayeth :
“Fear thou not for I'm with thee : be not dismayed ;
“For I am thy God”—no, thou art not afraid :
And never thou need'st be, because thou wilt find
If thou'lt help me be true, exalted in mind,—
Yes, true to my God, to my neighbor, and *thee*,
That God, and my neighbor and I, shall e'er be
One bond of perfection, together, which brings
A *oneness* of spirit, where happiness sings. .

* * * * *

Rest ! rest thee, not lone, now ; thy station accept,
For joy shall be with thee while God does protect.

LIFE'S TRUE PICTURES.

Written after a visit to the splendid family tomb erected in Bellefontaine Cemetery by Mr. SAMUEL GATY, a wealthy citizen of St. Louis. The artistic design of the tomb is a true representation of the successive stages of Life from the cradle to the grave.



IN lone Bellefontaine's verdant, dreamy silence,
Where sleep the weary ones in perfect rest,
Life steps from out a wreath of art and science,
In pictures true, in moral teaching best.

One family whose spirits have ascended
To kindred ones beyond this vale of tears ;
Their caskets there by marble strength defended,
Shall rest in peace through time's all-changing years.

Within a circle, towering monumental,
A noble shaft looks proudly to the sky ;
The pure white stone, so strong, so ornamental,
Seems fitting guard for those who 'neath it lie.

Those happy ones who left the mortal body
To mingle with its native element ;—
Abiding now in heaven with their God, He
Speaks through them in language eloquent.

The symbol first within the blest inclosure
See, beneath the urn on the monument :
Upon the beds and flowers and calm composure,
The sacred rays of cross and wreath are bent.

The wreathed cross proclaims the Christian era,
That sheds its light upon the world, and is
The light which taught the lesson given here, a
Light unfolding heaven's happiness.

A picture next of life in all its stages
Is represented by the Seasons' roll ;
The earth unfolds to us her truthful pages,
That we may read the language of the soul.

First, Spring of life is shown us in the picture
Of budding leaves upon a goodly tree ;
The sun, in morn of life, beams on the verdure,
From o'er the hill-tops rising gloriously,

While in its rays, a little streamlet, darting
From out the rocks, in current clear and mild,
Sparkles in all its purity, while starting
Its first bright flow within the little child.

Then Summer, see the tree with leaves abundant,
When life is brimming o'er in every vein ;
The stream is larger, fuller, gushing under it
In vigor full, while rolling through the plain,

And summer sun is in its zenith glowing ;
 Its bright, sharp rays beam on the waving corn,
And Nature's heart with life is overflowing,
 While birds and flowers the season's days adorn.

Now Autumn,—see the change ! cold winds are blowing,
 From off the boughs their withered leaves,— they glide
Along the surface of the stream, whose flowing
 Has fainter ebb—young life has graver side.

And, low among the western clouds, descending,
 The Sun of Life is growing dim and pale ;
The corn is ripe, and for the sickle bending,—
 Life's vigor fast declines within the vale.

Winter ! the last of Life's unerring pictures :
 The noble tree looks sadly bare and old ;
See, icicles hang from its leafless branches ;—
 The stream is frozen,—Nature's veins are cold.

Another picture now is represented
 On the encircling marbles which protect
The sacred beds, and monument, erected,
 With headstones, white, and pure as the elect.

First, infancy is in its cradle lying,
 The next, the infant is to childhood grown,
In next, the child in boyhood strength is playing,
 And next to school he travels all alone.

We see him next, confined to desk and study,
To arm him with the weapons he must wield,
And then complete, the warfare understood, he
Boldly enters Life's great Battlefield.

There, see him next, with plough in hand, he's beating
His own marked path within the world's rough soil,
In next the seed of good or evil scattering,
In next he's reaped the fruitage of his toil.

Now labor's ended, and he's contemplating
The harvest grain which he in Spring had sown ;
Evil or good, he can't recall the planting :
He's weary now :—his feet have feeble grown.

See next ; within the old arm-chair now rests he
His last frail days on this terrestrial ball ;
In next, the chair is there, but ah ! what see we ?
His hat and coat and friendly cane is all.

Where is he ? Ask the mound by chisel sculptured
Upon the next, and last leaf of the book ;—
The waving grass by Mother Earth is nurtured
Above the frame she lately to her took.

Now finished the grand pictures of progression,
A veil o'erhangs the last great act of life ; —
The sacred yielding into God's possession
Of his soul and spirit from this world's strife.

So ends the second picture, like a history ;
Each stone reads as a leaf within the book ;
“ From cradle to the grave ” we name the story :—
Its leaves are open wide to all who look.

One lesson more is clearly to us given,—
Five precious children sleep beneath the tomb,
And on the stone which tells their flight to heaven
Is pictured well their soul’s undying bloom :

Grand soul it is which issued such conceptions
To art, and sculptural science, so that here
Is shadowed forth man’s highest, grand perceptions
Of love and life within that happy sphere.

There, floating clouds uphold the angel children ;
Each child a Raphael Cherub in its joy ;
Four are descending to the fifth who has been
His parents’ joy, their youngest baby boy.

One meets him on his way, and helps him upward ;
With wreath of flowers, another comes to crown ;
The other two,—one pointing onward, homeward,
Rejoice to meet the little one—their own.

And he is carried upward from the sorrow
Which overshades the loved ones he had left,
And from the coldness of the grave so narrow
He cleaves the mountain clouds his brothers cleft.

So ends the last good picture and the best one,
Which leaves not all our treasures in the gloom,
But comforts many a heart with its great lesson
Of immortality beyond the tomb.

These are the pictures which in lone Bellefontaine
I saw one day, and being in that mood
Which solitude within a hallowed confine
Produces on the soul, I understood

The lessons which they taught, and thought that could I
Behold them oftener with mental eye,
A wholesome view of life would work its good, my
Spirit oftener would cleave the sky.



ALONE.

“ There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.”—*Byron*.

Alone, alone ; to be alone
When all the world's a glare
Of trifling mirth and gayety,
Confusion everywhere ;
When in the giddy mass, a time
To think in peace there's none.
Then let me, let me be away ;
I want to be alone.

I want to be alone, because
The heart is like the eye ;
It cannot bear the constant strain
Of objects flitting by ;
It wearies of the baubles, and
In languor flees the view,
To seek a calmer scene that will
The prism'd lights subdue.

To be alone is not to be
Condemned to solitude ;

A spiritual company
The liveness does intrude ;
They come from out their cloisters
Of well beloved books,
And gaze unto our faces with
Their old familiar looks.

They tell us tales of ancient days,
Of how and why they strove
In days of war and days of peace ;—
They tell us of their love,
And oft they lead us far away
On fancy's airy wing,
From lonely room and treasured books
To where their spirits sing.

In fancy oft I've listened to
Lord Byron, in his songs
Of youthful love, and chivalry.
Or, vindicate his wrongs ;
And suffering Pope essaying still
In philosophic lore,
And Poe, poor Edgar Poe, I see
Embrace his lost Lenore.

And Shelley, too, I've seen within
Queen Mab's ethereal car
With beautiful Ianthe, in
Their flight from star to star,
Tom Moore old Tara's harp has found ;

Its chords swell on the breeze
His country's future victories
In Irish melodies.

O, would I give my lonely hours,—
Their sacred solitude,
For all the trivial merriment
That gilds the multitude;
Would I exchange my company,
The dreams I value so
For that which fascinates the eye?
A thousand times, Oh, no.

It matters not where e'er we be
We never are alone;
Each leaf and flower, each shrub and tree
Hath language of its own;
The sky portrays a wondrous tale,
The rocks and glens rejoice
To mingle with the mighty tide
Their grand harmonious voice.

Then let me, let me be alone
When busy scene destroys
The purest dreams that sweeten life,
And robs it of its joys,
Those joys which to the thoughtless throng
Are worthless and unknown,
And which we ne'er enjoy so well
As when we are alone.

OUR TEMPLE OF ART.

DEDICATED TO WAYMAN CROW, ESQ.

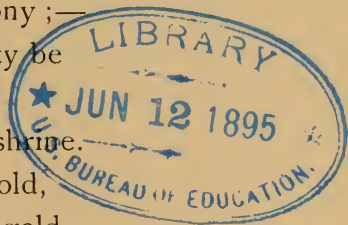
Grand edifice, within whose massive walls
What 'wakening echoes tremble through thy halls
From ages dim, whose vaulted chambers groan
With reverberations from the deep unknown ;
Unknown to us save through the mystic scrolls
Effusive of those now departed souls
Who searched that deep unknown with piercing eye,
Ere their ascent to kindred souls on high.
Proud temple of the Nine ! if we aspire
To adoration, worthy of the fire
Which once enkindled such a sacred flame
Within the votaries of art and fame,
It is because we feel that fire is still
Pour'd forth in inspirations, which instill
One soul with power to say " Let there be light,"
And from chaotic shades spring forth to sight
Rich landscapes, crown'd with Nature's choicest bloom,
Or frowning rocks, enshrouding in their gloom
The dark abyss, the heedless torrent's flow ;
Or giant mounts, crown'd with perpetual snow ;

Or skies tempestuous, vying in their rage
With Ocean's wrath, when both their battles wage—
All things whate'er they be in nature's law,
Of love, of beauty, majesty or awe.



Another soul is given power to call
From out the rugged stone, a form, with all
The attributes assigned to strength, to grace,
To beauty, in Creation's nobler race ;
Or, mould with plastic touch a frame so fair,
We almost feel a living soul is there.
So various are the gifts with which are blest
Those souls with whom the spirit takes its rest,
If that of some be only to admire,
The gift is not unworthy of the fire :
This humble tribute then that gift imparts
Take to thyself, grand god of all the Arts.
And while presiding o'er our temple here,
Call to thy shrine new votaries each year,
And let the Nine imbue them more and more
As they have done thy worshipers of yore,
That Art and Science may in clearer light
Illumine coming ages in their flight ;
Reflecting on the past such brilliancy
As shall unravel still more mystery
Of ancient days, then lay their trophies low
Before *his* feet who did thee honor so.
This recompense be nobly to him made ;
He to our city such a tribute paid.

Here, in this noble temple are enshrined
The artist's works, in harmony combined :
The brush ! what wondrous beauty, like a spell,
It throws around the scene beloved so well
By him whose heart this love had so enthused,
That every touch his ardent soul transfused !
Each tranquil shade and glowing tint that rose
Before his vision from their deep repose,
Live like his soul, and cast a glory round,
Like sunbeams streaming o'er the hallowed ground.
The chisel, yielding to the master's skill
Embodies forth the objects of his will
With truth to Nature's law of harmony ;—
See, here, her perfect types of beauty be
So captivating in each form divine,
We marvel not men worship at the shrine.
Immortal Venus ! now, as 'twas of old,
Men sacrifice to thee both love and gold,
But *souls* of beauty, would they were less rare
That men might always find thee good as fair !



Ethereal Psyche, thou art good and pure ;
That saintly face of thine, that look demure,
Are not unworthy Cupid's warm embrace ;
But he who first conceived that saintly face—
Ah, he, how truly he in soul could feel
That sacred love that hallows the ideal !
And they who strength and bravery possess,

How must they gaze upon great Hercules,
And worship every feature in that frame
Which pride associates with their own name !
In character, or form, whate'er it be,
Whether in virtue, vice, or symmetry,
Here view its counterpart, as it has come
From England, Paris, Florence, Athens, Rome,
And think upon those ancient palmy days
When their originals called forth the praise
Of grand old Egypt, cradle of the Arts,
Ere Art and Science ceased their honored parts
In far-famed Thebes and Alexandria,
Or Ancient Greece and Rome before the sway
Of War-god's power o'er that of Peace and Pride,
Or ere great Angelo and Raphael died.




But who can say, while thinking o'er the past,
How soon Columbia's land, so free and vast,
Shall boast a city equally as great
As any yet that ever rose in state ?
What if St. Louis should that city be !
Ah, who can tell, if from their bounty free,
Men raise such monuments as this Museum,
In Learning's cause, so worthy, so supreme,
And aid the gifted ones to still progress,
Promoting thus their knowledge and success !
The grand result we see, we know it well ;
But coming years—shall they the glory tell ?

Until they do, what gratitude shall flow
From the example set by Wayman Crow?
Already has this flow of gratitude
Expressed a gifted one's beatitude
In classic workmanship, wherein is shown
A master's power, a genius all her own.
Her executions prove that still the fire
Which did the ancient artist's soul inspire,
Burns in a flame which in our land may be
A future beacon to posterity.
One work alone would justify her fame,—
Posterity will view it and exclaim :
“ This bust of Wayman Crow we owe to her ;
“ May the name long live of Harriet Hosmer : —
“ He's not unworthy of this honored place
“ Among the gods, who benefits his race.”
And so it is, who loves his fellow-men,
And shows his love in noble actions ; then,
When shall appear the names of those who're blest,
His, like Ben Adhem's, shall lead all the rest.



THE FUTURE GREAT CITY OF THE WORLD.

ST. LOUIS.

H! land of the free, and home of the brave,
Oh! land, who to captives their liberty gave,
Revolting 'gainst bondage which crushed the last breath,
With the spirit of men who cried "Freedom or death."
Land, bending the knee to those warriors brave,
And looking away from the blood-watered grave—
Away, away up, where those men long adored
Wave proudly the palm which they gained by the sword.

Oh! land, now enjoying the boon which you bought,
Your freedom, your honor, your skill and your thought,
Subject to no power in heaven or earth,
Than that which had blessed you the hour of your birth.
A literal Canaan in honey and milk,
A rival with China, now gorgeous in silk,
An equal with Athens in art and design,
Minerva exalts you and you are divine.

Fair land, to whom prophets with unerring eye,
Looked through the long vistas of years flitting by;

They found it not difficult looking on thee,
Through thy many advantages, glory to see ;
Rejoicing in dawn which had scarcely begun,
Which now in its zenith is bright as the sun,
The ocean they saw waft a kiss on the breeze
From the queen of all lands to the queen of the seas.

A kiss which was freighted with incense of health,
From hills of fertility, valleys of wealth,
And into her lukewarm veins did impart
A trickle of joy from a tropical heart,
And saw, as their lips in identity smacked,
One sovereign supply what the other one lacked—
Like neighbors dividing the bulk of their store ;
Thus showing the friendship they each of them bore.

How brightened their eyes as they hailed the glad sight !
They saw thee, America, center of light —
A focus, whose rays to the world were given
As freely received from the sun-god of heaven ;
And exultingly now do they look and rejoice,
As developing years speak the truth of their voice ;
While they're beating a gem for your majesty's crown,
To which shall its brethren lowly bow down.

Milton, and Cowley, and Sir Thomas Brown,
Two centuries ago their voice handed down
In soft, flowing strains from Poesy's muse,
Inspiring the tongue, while the heart they enthuse ;
And since have we others, as Berkeley and Sewall,

Adams, and Shipley, and Governor Pownall ;
With Paley, and Burns, and eloquent Sheridan,
Canning, De Tocqueville, Alaman and Cobden.

And others, like them, who the future explored,
Saw thee, fair America, thee they adored
As a beautiful child, who in years would expand
To a type of perfection, a queen in the land ;
And now, in the present, we, who have been blest
With the joy of beholding thee, brightest and best —
One thought fills our bosoms, an effort we make
To anticipate the next step you will take.

What step will you take next, fair Queen of the West ?
Are you waiting for those who have gone to their rest,
To come from above with a city or town,
All beaten and polished to set in your crown ?
Do you think there is nothing now left you to do,
Since you 've conquered the old with the sword of the new ?
Ah ! take care, lest your confidence placed in its hold
Reverse the sharp weapon, like Cassius' of old.

Throughout all the ages in history known,
One gem sparkled brightest, illumined the crown,
Which was placed on the head of the recognized peer,
Who rose in magnificence, trampled on fear.
The ancient days reveled in gems such as these,
'Till Britannia arose for her Queen of the Seas,
And won her the honor, a peeress of all,
Through greatness ascending o'er Amsterdam's fall.

Then London, the gem, adorned the crown,
And sparkled on rulers and men of renown ;
The world bowed to it, and honor'd its name,
And poets and literature sang of its fame,
Then art, and invention, and grandeur aspired
To outshine in its light, which their spirits inspired,
And commerce enriched it, invading its streets,
With wealth from the holds of its numerous fleets.

And she, like the others, shall waft o'er the sea
Her title of commerce and greatness to thee,
When in the wide future the world shall praise
The Aaronian rod in the height of its days,
For thee, O, America, great in thy strength
Of riches strewn over the breadth and the length.
Of vast tracts devoted to energy's hand,
Shall yet rule the world with a sceptral wand.

Then why not prepare for the crown you shall wear,
The gem which must sparkle the brightest one there ?
Already 'tis waiting the artisan's skill
To fashion the model, make it what they will ;
For those good men who've gone e'er their vision was blest
With the sight which now greets us, and them in their rest
Are anxiously planning that city's design
Which shall be the great centre, the jewel to shine.

St. Louis ! St. Louis ! we echo the name,
Repeated by them as the city of fame,
On the banks of that river whose waters embrace

The largest facilities known to the race ;
The central point in its beautiful vale,
To which, up its waters, large traffic must sail
From all the great world beyond the great sea,—
Through the stream unobstructed a gate open free.

And to which throng the people by water and rail ;
Who seem in prospective a breath to inhale.
From the future great heart which shall throb in the breast
Of the greatest of nations, the wisest and best ;
A heart which shall act as imperial head,
By whose guidance the tide of events shall be led,
Which shall grow and expand like its forces of steam,
Till it rivals with London, now reigning supreme.

Industry and enterprise fast gaining ground,
As numbers and large requisition abound,
Its head lifting high as it daily expands
In its fast-growing buildings, its utilized lands,
But one thing is needed to hasten the time
When shall shine in its splendor this city sublime,
Men need to look on from the present and see
A lesson for them in the wise, working bee ;

Add to their industry, intelligence, art,
Invite all the muses to play that great part
Without which no city in eminence grew ;
They distinguished the old and must also the new.
Let literature spread her white wings in the air,
And lift from the dungeons of toil and of care

The hearts of the people, who surely should find
The grain, not the husk, to develop the mind.

Like Italy of old, should some Petrarch arise,
Or, Dante, and lift to the vaulted skies,
By some method successful in scholarship's flight,
The tastes of the multitude, then what a light
Would burst on the future great city. For then
The pencil, the brush, the chisel, the pen,
With history, and poetry, and elegance, would glow
As a sunbeam which lights on the beautiful snow.

When this is accomplished, fair Queen of the West,
In the city where commerce and tithe shall invest
So large a production from every land known ;
Then, then you'll rejoice, for the gem in your crown.
But patiently wait, while you're working to use
The unparalleled qualities blessing St. Louis,
For cheers shall resound o'er the billowy wave
To the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh! beautiful city of futurity!
What a wonderful, wonderful power it must be,
Which can raise thee to glory on pinnacle height,
Where the world's past kingdoms shall pale in the light,
Where Baalbec, and Thebes, and Tyre once shone,
Carthage, Persepolis, each like the sun ;
Oh! wonderful city, lift up thy glad voice —
Thy kingdom is coming, thy heart shall rejoice.

ODE TO CAPT. JAMES B. EADS.



ALL hail ! Columbia, favored land of Heaven —
All hail, all hail, resounds from sea to sea ;
From pole to pole, by touch electric riven,
The world salutes this Nation of the free.

What makes it thus in greatness so transcending ?
What lifts its towers and bulwarks up on high ?
What architect, with power and genius blending,
Has fashioned it from models in the sky ?

Like that great temple of surpassing splendor,
While silently arose from stone,
This Nation is the seat of art and grandeur :
Its architect, its builder — God alone.

Built on a rock, a firm, a sure foundation ;
Built of such stone as braves the wrecks of time ;
Built with such zeal as makes it this great Nation ;
Built in men's hearts — a monument sublime.

Columbus, first, by hand of God directed,
Laid the first stone upon the sacred sod,
Then, on his knees, he humbly dedicated
The stone and future edifice to God.

Such noble fabric still promotes the building,
With steel and iron pillars for support,
While Solomon's it does surpass in gilding,
Of gold and costly gems from port to port.

And now it grows in grandeur, strength and promise ;
A great, colossal statue, spanning o'er
The large expanse of Ocean's ready commerce,
And stamps its power upon the other shore.

To-day the power of Science is enforcing
Such laws, commands, as ne'er before were known,
Through active, fiery brains and muscles coursing,
In form of some great project, leading on.

Those brains through which now flows this subtle current,
With that impetus which throws head and heart
Before it, with a centrifugal movement,
Are rather few, and sadly far apart.

Yet 'tis such brains that go to build the structure ;
Such heads and hearts are what the Nation needs ;
And men to-day are living in the future —
A future sacred to the name of EADS.

EADS ! Captain EADS ! The name is grand—ennobling—
What was to Greece the name Archimedes,
And, what to Germany, was that of Roebling,
To fair Columbia is that of EADS.

Aye, more, for science in this mighty nation,
Is great as EADS is peer among his peers.
Like Newton at the foot of Gravitation,
Does EADS stand at the head of Engineers.

His monuments are those which last forever ;
That Bridge of wonder—go and mark it well ;
Go, mark the outlets of that mighty river,
Which to his Genius yield as to a spell.

In coming ages none will question, is he
Whose name is written on it mile by mile,
A greater Hero of the Mississippi,
Than Horatio Nelson, Hero of the Nile.

His iron fleet in '61, is immortal,
Of which Lord Nelson would be justly proud,
And proudly with it entering in the battle
Would gain the day, with power like EADS' endowed.

Now, all his works, with these, a star eclipses —
The Tehuantepec Route, that is the star ;
Unlike the river, he would make the Isthmus
A road for ships of peace, instead of war.

Oh, what a mind that opens to each nation
Such golden vistas through that portal wide ;
Surely the gods will aid the grand creation,
If men be slumbering in Columbia's side.

He would in love for mankind make all countries,
Through dealings with each other, closer friends,
And strew the white crest waves through coming centuries,
With ships well filled with all that Nature sends.

Hark ! hear those waves through myriad ages swelling,
In one grand chorus of symphonious song—
The strain caught up on countless harps is telling
The joy of nations to a happy throng.

Among that throng, great hearts are throbbing proudly,
And gazing on the crowning work, rejoice ;
I fancy now I see good Abraham Cowley
Smile on the truth of his prophetic voice.

Two centuries since the poet bid the nation
"To plough the earth, to plough the very main."
No doubt he built upon an EADS foundation
Who'd "traffic with the universe maintain."

And thus, like him, through time's progressing wonders,
Shall he whose works that spirit power proclaim,
Live, after Earth to God His own surrenders—
On land, and sea, in an immortal name.

For widely o'er creation's vast expanses,
Where billows roll with God's unfathomed power,
His soul to-day who man's great good advances
Shall ride triumphant to the eternal shore.

The truth of one whose ashes strewed the river,
And followed with its windings to the sea,
Now wide as the Atlantic rolling ever,
Perpetuate the martyr's memory.

So lives the memory of he whose genius
Now nestles close on the paternal breast,
From which proceed, like placid, shining virtues,
A progeny unequalled in the West.

With childlike faith within the folds reposing,
Of shining, wavy coils, there sink to sleep
The little sunbeams, whose bright eyes are closing,
Weary with many a playful dart and leap.

And when Aurora breathes upon their faces
Her breath of light, of heat and mother love,
They 'wake, emerge from out the waves' embraces,
And fly to kiss their father-god above.

And as they go, they touch their golden tresses
With diamond sparkles from the treasure deep,
More radiant, thus, each little angel blesses
With double brightness wheresoe'er 'twill peep.

Those diamond sparkles are like dew drops, paling,
Combined with other than effulgent light,
And sheds that light which on the waters sailing;
A beacon is to mariners by night.

It sails away,—*his genius*, whose intention,
Through winding curvatures within the vale,
Leads to the Gulf, by way—his own invention,
Through which the ships of nations now may sail.

'Till in the grand Old Ocean 'tis embosomed,
Where freely now it carries out his plan,
And does to-day as when the May Flower blossomed,
The world enrich with God's great gift to man.

Thus tracing truths as England does her martyr's
We from the River to the Gulf are led,
And from the Gulf to Ocean's boundless waters
Where'er the foot of mankind ever treads.

Perchance there may another brave Columbus,
When this commercial tide is ebbing high,
Break from the line to seek for, not a fabulous,
But actual Cipango, lying nigh.

He'll breathe the tropic fragrance from the garden ;
It's fruits and vegetation on the breeze ;
His heart will swell as nearer draws his Eden,
Which others sought for in enchanted seas.

And sailing up the current of the river,
Which may be Pison, flowing where there's gold,
Praise God who from delusions did deliver,
And lead him to the "Garden of the World."

Or farther down across the Isthmian passage,
Another Raleigh, in the golden land,
Will find the King, to whom he'd bear the message,
Of greater power displayed by greater hand.

He'll tell him that through EADS all nations gather
Around the cave of Mammon, richer far ;
That Oceans crown him, Commerce calls him father ;—
He's broken down the one *partition bar*.

That they who had such pangs of hunger suffered,
Now look and see the maiden at her wheel,
Like Fortunatus, and to them are tendered
The gold that lasts them through life's woe or weal.

He'll tell him that this noble Hia-watha,
Lives in no Isle of Brandon, never found,
But close beside the branching water's father,
Within the glorious " City of the Mound."

That now, no more, men waste their time in seeking
For Bimini, or other fabled founts ;
That knowledge, rather is the fount they're reaching
And drink its waters from our modern Mounts.

EADS' fame's unequalled, while 'tis daily growing ;
His power 's unlimited in mind and space,
No, *Ne-plus-ultra* of the ancients knowing,
He builds not their pillars of Hercules.

Nor would they in mythology's tradition
Cause him, like Hercules, to block the way
Of further claims to progress and ambition,
In those two Mountain Pillars of to-day.

They would assign to him some brilliant story,
A birth as wondrous as their Dieties',
And look to him for power, for fame, for glory,
To aid them in their many victories.

They'd say, perhaps :—"The Standard of his nation
Had in his talons borne the starry flag,
In moments of ecstatic exultation,
'Bove pride of place, upon his native crag.

And waved it proudly in the starry world,
With olive branch of peace 'tween man and man,
Displaying thus, as fold by fold unfurled,
A power unequalled since the world began.

The brilliant orbs all claimed the spangled banner ;
Each saw its image in the mirror blue,
And asked the bird " to whom belongs the honor ? "
He must decide which one to give it to.

The bird reflected, as if undecided,
Whether 'twas best to take it back to earth,
Then thought that "power is strongest undivided :—
Its destiny is equal to its birth."

"'Tis best," he thought, "to leave it to whoever
Is greatest here, than take it back again,
Where wars, the leaves from off the branch might sever,
'Tween hosts of Heaven, and earth's greatest men."

Thus spoke the bird : "Ye shining constellations,
Whiche'er is greatest shall possess the prize ;
It symbolizes greatest of Earth's nations,
And must not lose its glory in the skies."

'Twas well, they said, then each its claim submitted.
The bird whose piercing glance discerned far,
Immediately saw which one was best fitted
To hold the flag, then chose his honored star.

"Venus," said he, "the flag to you is presented,
For love is greatest 'mong the powers of Heaven ;
As to your form in beauty so transplendent
Upon mount Ida was the apple given."

Then Mars and Jupiter, both pained and jealous,
Said they were greatest and the prize was theirs ;
Both warr'd against the noble bird and Venus ;
Then Mercury steps in and interferes :

“The flag belongs to Venus—let her have it ;
She conquers where subdued are power and wars ;
She carried Heaven to its nation’s Planet,
And shall to Heaven bear the Nation’s Stars.”

Then looked the goddess on her treasure, proudly,
And waved it in the ether when she sees
The bird uphold his magic branch and loudly
Proclaim with potent voice, Peace ! Peace ! Peace !

The bird was free, and now he would return,
And sighing deeply, wrapped his pinions round
The sacred flag he had in triumph borne
From off his crag, above the hallowed ground.

She sees the tender pinions wrapped about it,
And Mercury, when both let fall a tear ;
“Dear bird, your nation cannot do without it :
Here, take it back, we shall not keep it here.”

Thus Venus spoke, in accents low and tender,
While she resigned the honor of her claim,
And then the bird, ’midst lights of golden splendor,
Returned to rest within the land of Fame.

But as once more upon the rocky summit,
With love he plumed his breast in every fold,
He saw two tears made one and falling from it,
Transformed to a star like burnished gold.

Surprised, he watched these curious phenomena :—

The star went sailing o'er the sunny meads
Of Lawrenceburg, in Southern Indiana,
Then heard he angels name it JAMES B. EADS.

Still gazing, saw three Magi kneel before it—

'Twas then a child of Heaven-favored birth,
Their gifts presenting, while all three adored it,
As his attendants on his path through earth.

He grew and flourished in that balmy region,
With Mercury and Venus at his side,
Led by the Magi whose bright gifts were legion,
To manhood's stature, into manhood's pride."

Such might have been the Ancient's oft told story ;
And men would build a temple to his name,
But now the temple raised to names of glory,
Is that erected by the hand of fame.

And so there are such temples scattered over
The spacious world, in honor of the deeds
Which go to build Columbia's noble structure,
Whereon 's inscribed the living name of EADS.

FAREWELL, O GOOD OLD YEAR!

FAREWELL! thou'rt drawing to thy close
O good old year,
Thou seem'st to weary for repose
Fast fading year ;
Thou dost attire thee in a sombre gown,
Where faded roses struggle with the brown
Dried mass of leaves on which thou lay'st thee down
As on a bier, old year.



Thou'st seen thy buoyant days in spring,
Dear dying year,
When nature's voice with joy did sing
Thy praise, O year ;
Then violets woke them from their long, long sleep,
And frozen brooks gushed out with merry leap,
Startling the stillness of the forest deep
With youthful cheer, old year.

Thou'st also seen thy summer days,
Beloved year,
Then sunshine gladdened with its rays,
Thou cheering year
Beside the stream the frisking lambkins played,
And children's feet tripped 'neath the honied shade
Where lover wooed and won his pretty maid
With smile and tear, O year.

And then the summer passed, and thou
Wert wearied, year ;
Men reaped the fruit of hoe and plow
From thee, good year,
Now is thy harvest sun chilled by the breath
Of dull November's blast, whose look is death
To tender farewell flowers and leaves which hath
Been long so dear, old year.

And now we see thee bleak and bare,
Thou dear old year ;
Thy leafless boughs sigh in the moaning air,
O, dying year,
While through each crevice shrieks the cold night wind,
With mournful wail so weird and undefined,
Which round the fire the children closer bind
In fancied fear, old year.

And soon thy days will be no more ;
Farewell, old year.
Thou'lt pass away with all thy store,
Eventful year,
Of every good and evil we have done
From New Year's morn to Old Year's dying sun ;
O, hide our failures—they are oft begun
In good sincere, O year.



And when thou layest thee down to rest ;
Dear worn-out year,
When in thy spotless robes thou'rt dress'd,
Fast fading year,
May we a lesson take, and try to be
In duty faithful unto death like thee,
Then spotless robes of immortality
Shall wreath us here, old year.

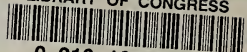








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